

# 2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Still I Rise"

(feat. Ta'He)

[Kastro]

Dear Lord, as we down here, struggle for as long as we know  
In search of a paradise to touch (my nigga Johnny J)  
Dreams are dreams, and reality seems to be the only place to go, the only place for us  
I know, try to make the best of bad situations  
Seems to be my life's story  
Ain't no glory in pain, a soldier's story in vain  
And can't nobody live this life for me  
It's a ride y'all, a long hard ride

[2Pac]

Somebody wake me, I'm dreamin'  
I started as a seed, the semen  
Swimmin' upstream, planted in the womb while screamin'  
On the top was my pops, my mama screamin' stop  
From a single drop, this is what they got  
Not to disrespect my peoples, but my papa was a loser  
Only plan he had for mama was to fuck her and abuse her  
Even as a little seed, I could see his plan for me  
Stranded on welfare, another broken family  
Now what was I to be? A product of this heated passion  
Mama got pregnant and papa got a piece of ass  
Look how it began, nobody gave a fuck about me  
Pistol in my hand, this cruel world can do without me  
How can I survive? Got me askin' white Jesus  
"Will a nigga live or die?" cause the Lord can't see us  
In the deep dark clouds of the projects, ain't no sunshine  
No sunny days and we only play sometimes  
When everybody's sleepin'  
I open my window, jump to the streets and get to creepin'  
I can live or die, hope I get some money 'fore I'm gone  
I'm only 19, I'm tryna hustle on my own  
On the spot where everybody and they pops tryna slang rocks  
I'd rather go to college, but this is where the game stops  
Don't get it wrong cause it's always on, from dusk to dawn  
You can buy rocks, Glocks or a herringbone  
You can ask my man, he's a mind reader  
Keep my 9 heater all the time, this is how we grind  
Meet up at the cemetery then get smoked out  
Pass the weed, nigga! That Hennessy'll keep me keyed, nigga  
Everywhere I go niggas holla at me, "Keep it real, G"  
And my reply 'til they kill me: "Act up if you feel me!"  
I was born not to make it, but I did  
The tribulations of a ghetto kid, still I rise

[Ta'He]

Still I (still I), I rise (I rise), please, give me to the sky (to the sky)  
And if (and if), I die (I die), I don't want you to cry

*[Yaki Kadafi]*

I stay sharp as always

Runnin' your bricks with blitz, through your project hallways  
Dumpin' crews like two's, nigga, all day  
Secrets of war prepare me for the worst  
A life that's lavish, full of cabbage or a life that's in a hearse  
But now my dreams, it seems though  
Be placin' triple beams and things, bro  
Diamond pinkie ring got the loot poppin' out my jeans

*[Napoleon]*

Now I plan to keep my Glock cocked  
If trouble was searchin' for me, then why not?  
Show 'em what I'm made of, plus raised on, on my block  
Chancellor Ave, where many turn to the street  
Thugs snatchin' bags, we out for power, makin' cash  
It wasn't fast, it'll make me mad, I'm just like him  
My homie on the corner with his gat tucked in  
Youngins, they buckin' somethin'  
The life he lead's the life he don't need, don't we all know?  
He tryin' to rise up and we just go doe, still he rise

*[Young Noble]*

Dreams of lost hope  
I hit the strip broke where the fiends get coke  
And still I rise, now I float, cowards ghost  
Whenever we come around, I'm runnin' down  
Clutchin' a pound, live as sirens, duckin' the sound  
I used to hustle with my moms 'til the sun came  
My homie Harm doin' time from this drug game  
Stolen cars, war scars, born a Outlaw  
Behind bars, go to sleep just to see the stars  
Freedom is ours, though we trapped on a firm block  
Crackheads only 10 learn to duck cops

*[Yaki Kadafi]*

In '96 my Glock's my plastic, passion for blastin' bastards  
No faces for open caskets, peelin' your cap backwards  
You cowards ain't prepared for pistol practice  
I send my missiles through your mattress  
Leavin' holes in your body like a cactus  
While me and my crew be boppin' more greens than topic  
And loot to keep the seams in my motherfuckin' jeans poppin'  
Leavin' your spleen to pick up  
Half of you niggas is softer than a Snicker  
Let's go to war and see who draw quicker  
And still I rise, and still I rise...

*[Ta'He]*

Still I (still I), I rise (I rise), please, give me to the sky (to the sky)  
And if (and if), I die (I die), I don't want you to cry  
Still I (still I), I rise (I rise), please, give me to the sky (to the sky)  
And if (and if), I die (I die), I don't want you to cry

Y'all niggas fake, all day everyday  
So now I got roller blades, bitch

Thought you knew  
Your mouth is rich  
C'mon pops, let's go!

Thanks to josh\_don for adding these lyrics.  
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